THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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Donations to be sent to Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Tchaykovsky, Langham House, Harrow, or Hon. Financial Sec., Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

MEETINGS LIST, Aug. 27—Sept. 5.

Friday, Aug. 27th.

Piggott St., 8 p.m., Mr. Lynch.
Beckton Rd., 8 p.m., Miss Lynch.
Poplar Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Miss Lynch.

Sunday, Aug. 29th.

Hyde Park, 3 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

Monday, Aug. 30th.

Lesbia Rd., 8 p.m.,
"Peacock," 8 p.m., Miss Manicom.
Dock Gates, 8 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

Tuesday, Aug. 31st.

Salmon Lane, 8 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
Poplar Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Miss Lynch.

Wednesday, Sept. 1st.

Chrisp St., 8 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
Ford Rd., 8 p.m., Mr. Everett.

Thursday, Sept. 2nd.

175 Dalston Lane, 8 p.m., Rev. C. A. Wills.
124 Barking Rd., 8 p.m., Mrs. McLeod.
53 St. Leonard's St., 8 p.m.
Knapp Road, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

Friday, Sept. 3rd.

Piggott St., 8 p.m.
Beckton Rd., 8 p.m., Mr. Everett.
Poplar Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
Lefevre Rd., 8 p.m., Miss Manicom, Miss O'Callaghan.
Ford Rd., 9 p.m., Miss Manicom, Miss O'Callaghan.
Custom House, 5 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

Saturday, Sept. 4th.

Rathbone St., "Whitehouse," 8 p.m., Miss Manicom, Miss O'Callaghan.
"Boleyn," Green St., Miss Manicom, Miss O'Callaghan.
Chrisp St., and Grundy St., 3 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

Sunday, Sept. 5th.

Victoria Park, 3.30 p.m., Miss Fraser Smith.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Miss Pankhurst.
"Salmon and Ball," 11 a.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
Morpeth St., 12 noon, Mrs. Bouvier.

SUFFRAGE CLUBS. Poplar, 20 Railway St., 8 to 10 p.m., Wednesdays.
Bow, 400 Old Ford Road, Mondays and Fridays 8 to 10. p.m.

To reach Old Ford Road take an Old Ford 'bus (No. 8), which goes via the Marble Arch, Oxford St., the Bank and Liverpool St., or book to Old Ford Station on the North London Railway.

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

The calls on our four mother and baby centres, for milk, eggs, medicines, and doctoring and nursing care, will become more frequent and more urgent as the summer advances. Will you help by sending us some money for this work?

Will you send us new laid eggs, arrowroot, barley, glaxo or virol?

Will you send us a maternity outfit?

We want:—For baby, four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests, and a cot blanket; for mother, two nightgowns, woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets, and a pair of pillow cases.

Mothers and children should make a point of attending the weekly consultations with nurse and doctor at:—

400 Old Ford Road, Bow, Mondays 2.30 p.m.; 20 Railway Street, Poplar, Tuesdays 3 p.m.; 53 St. Leonard's Street, Thursdays 2.30 p.m.; 55 Fife Road, Canning Town, Mondays, 2 to 4 p.m.

"SETTLING" THE COAL STRIKE.

With a flourish of Press trumpets Mr. Lloyd George "settled" the coal strike.

But the settlement hung fire.

With another flourish Mr. Runciman re-settled the coal strike, and it was announced that all were agreed.

But, as an item of stop-press news, it appeared that Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, the miner's leader, was protesting on behalf of the men.

He said:—"The Runciman settlement is an impossible one."

"If leaders accepted it, all classes of workmen excluded from benefit would reject it: and they can stop the whole coalfield.

"Mr. Runciman has taken away what Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Henderson promised us, and has brought about another dangerous crisis. I cannot understand how a man who appears to be so inept and incompetent in dealing with industrial crises should be placed in such an important position."

It now appears that the men have many grievances and that their executive have refused to sign the "settling" agreement.

BRITISH FREEDOM IN DANGER.

At a meeting in Manchester, on Saturday, Lord Derby expressed the opinion that "it was now only a question of the date on which the Government would introduce the new system."

The "new system" is conscription! Northcliffe and the other enemies of British freedom will attain their aim if we do not make a determined protest.

The demand for National Service is being actively discussed in trade union branches and trade councils, and emphatic resolutions are being passed against it.

At the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, held on Saturday, the following resolution was carried:—

That this meeting expresses its indignation at the machinations of a portion of the Press in systematically endeavouring to force compulsory military service, and undoubtedly aiming at dragooning the workers into such military service, under blackleg conditions, to lower the standard of existence and enable plutocracy still more effectually to dominate the workers.

OUR POPLAR RESTAURANT.

COAL UP AGAIN!

The London Coal Exchange predicts further rises in coal prices; next month 1s. per ton, later 4s. and 5s. per ton in excess of present prices.

Of what use then is the Coal Price Limitation Bill?

The Transvaal Coal Owners' Association has offered his Majesty's Government, on behalf of the Witbank District Collieries, 100,000 tons of coal, free on rail at pithead.

The offer has been gratefully accepted by his Majesty's Government.

Our mine owners only think of profits!

Mr. W. Straker, Member of the Executive of the Miners' Federation, states that if colliery owners or the Government wish the suspension of the Eight Hours Act during the war, the Federation is prepared to discuss it. The King may suspend this Act by an Order of Council. The necessity for this step is not clear, since the returns for Durham show that a year ago the rate of production for 75 per cent. of the miners then working would have been 519,600 tons, or 52,400 tons less per week than the present output.

Such statements show us the necessity of demanding safeguards for workers before it is too late. Industrial compulsion is certain to give rise to serious abuses with all the trade regulations in abeyance.

Before the Grimsby stipendiary magistrate, John Flynn, a military cook, was sentenced to a month's hard labour for stealing 17 lbs. of Army beef.

Flynn told the magistrate that the daily meat allowance was always in excess of the requirements, and that rather than throw the 17 lbs. into the swill-tub he made a present of it to his washer-woman.

We condemn this as contrary to the best interests of the country at large, and an outrage against the working classes, and this at a time when the workers have responded to the call to give of their substance and their lives in a manner unprecedented in history. We trust that the Trade Union Congress will make a special feature of this subject at their forthcoming meeting.

Mr. J. Winstone, Acting President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, stated at Newport that the Welsh colliers would join with other sections of organised labour in strongly opposing and, if possible, defeating any proposal of conscription.

The Trade Union Congress, which begins at Bristol on September 6th, will raise the whole matter of National Service. We understand that the attitude will be one of "uncompromising antagonism" to National Service.

The War Census means one thing.—It means Compulsory National Service.—If it does not mean that it means nothing. Yes; it *would* mean something. It would mean wicked waste in War time.—The *Referee*.

GIVE THIS PAPER TO A FRIEND.

WOMEN MUNITIONEERS.

We take the following from a leading article in *The Engineer*:—

"The question which confronts the country at the present moment is how to find the necessary labour to man all these new factories and to complete the equipment of the extensions of existing works. It is known that a certain number of men who had enlisted have been brought back to follow their ordinary avocations, and it is known, too, that in reply to Mr. Lloyd George's appeal for munitions volunteers, an army of some one hundred thousand men offered their services; but even so the numbers available have proved to be totally insufficient to meet all our requirements, and accordingly a move was made in another direction. It is well understood, of course, that in the past large numbers of women have been engaged in engineering factories, and that they have performed the tasks allotted to them extremely well. Hitherto, however, the major part of work they have turned out has been of the lighter kind, and has been confined chiefly to the manipulation of automatic tools requiring the exercise of but little physical strength or skill and in manual operations which have called for no strength at all, but a good deal of deftness of fingers. Saving in special cases, which have been comparatively few in numbers when compared with the total number of women employed, female workers have been employed practically entirely on repetition work which has not demanded the exercise of any particular initiative or aptitude. During the past few months, however, a great and far-reaching change has been effected, a change which will in all probability have a very marked effect on the duration of the War. At the moment we are not at liberty to give more than a general outline of what has been achieved, but sufficient may be said to show that it is astonishing. In a certain factory which is engaged in the production of projectiles in sizes up to those required for 4.5in. guns a new department was started some time ago, the workpeople being women, with a few expert men as overseers and teachers. Many of the women were raw hands totally unaccustomed to tools, yet for some of the operations it was found that, after only two days' tuition, they could be trusted to perform good work, turned out accurately to gauge. In other cases proficiency in still more difficult work was attained in a week, and we believe we are right in saying that for the most intricate operations not more than 10 days' practice has been necessary for the women to reach the required standard of skill. It must be mentioned that by no means all the work has been of the repetition type, demanding little or no manipulative ability, but much of it has been of a character which taxed the intelligence of the operators in a high degree. Yet the work turned out has reached a high pitch of excellence. Nor must it be imagined that the output arrived at has fallen short of that reached by the skilled workman who has been accustomed to produce the same articles all his life, for this has not been the case. One other point may be mentioned, and we bring it forward as showing the keenness which is being displayed by the women and their ability to deal with the lifting and manipulating of fairly heavy weights. Originally a certain number of men labourers was appointed to assist in the moving of heavy weights.

(Continued on page 307, col. 1).

LEAGUE OF RIGHTS

For Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives and Relatives.

EAST LONDON BRANCHES.

BOW BRANCH meets at the Women's Hall, 400 Old Ford Rd., 8 p.m., every Tuesday. *Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. M. Lansbury.

BROMLEY BRANCH meets at 53 St. Leonard's St., 8 p.m., every Tuesday. *Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. McCheyne.

POPLAR BRANCH meets at 20 Railway St., 8 p.m., every Tuesday. *Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Drake.

WEST HAM BRANCH meets at 55 Fife Rd., 8 p.m., every Monday. *Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Millo.

EAST HAM BRANCH meets at Essex Hall, Wakefield St., 8 p.m., every Monday. *Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Thompson.

WALTHAMSTOW BRANCH meets at William Morris Hall, 3 p.m., every Thursday. *Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. Bush.

Sunday Meeting

HYDE PARK

August 29th. **3** p.m.

Speakers:

Mrs. BOUVIER, and others.

The
Woman's Dreadnought.

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AGENTS:

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Vol. II. No. 24.—Sat., Aug. 28th, 1915.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service?

BEWARE THE PRESS GANG!

We, of to-day, are the heirs of our ancestors, who, by their struggles, have secured the degree of freedom and development that we have now reached. We and our world are largely what their efforts have made us.

But, to-day, we have still the choice that was open to our ancestors. We may stand with Sir Thomas More, who went to the block for conscience sake, and with John Hampden, who refused to pay the ship money; or we can choose the side of the big battalions, of the loud and wealthily subsidised hue and cry, of the torturing of heretics, and of the press gang—the mediæval form of conscription. That side produces heroes, if you will, but mostly of the stamp of Edward III., who plunged our country into a hundred years' war, to win for himself the throne of France. It never produces strong brained idealists with the courage to be martyrs, and to choose, with open-eyed knowledge, the way that may lead to persecution by the world's "men in possession."

You, who say that the ruling motive of your lives shall not be a mere strife for your own personal wealth and comfort, and that, though you may be forced by circumstances to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, your dearest hopes and aspirations, and all the energy that you can spare from the compelling struggle for existence, shall be devoted to the welfare of humanity; you, who say this, and believe this, and are now enthusiastic for the War, laying aside the old dear Causes that you worked for, ask yourselves, where are you tending now?

You will say that the War is fought by Great Britain to secure the freedom of peoples and to prevent military domination.

The truth, or untruth, of these sayings will be proved by the condition in regard to freedom, in which the War will leave our own British people, and when the terms on which Great Britain will accept peace come to be known and understood.

What are these terms? Do you know? Do you answer: "Trust Asquith, trust McKenna, trust Runciman, Balfour, Churchill and Lloyd George?"

Can you agree to trust the group which forms the Government to act in the interests of the freedom of this, or any people, when you see how they are managing the War?

You have daily evidence of the gross waste and mismanagement that has been a part of the Government's organisation, which has not changed since the Government was enlarged, and which the men in power scarcely take the trouble to conceal, so little do they care for public opinion!

You know that the Government has made it easy for enormous war profits to be made by the very rich, out of the necessities of the poor. You must realise that almost every one of the emergency laws that has been passed has been manufactured for the purpose of enabling the profiteers to make big profits without criticism, and to keep the people who work securely fenced round from effective protest, by coercive rules.

All through the War, soldiers' wives have been subjected to cruel delays and humiliations. They have been treated as though they were beggars, certain to be useless and likely to be bad. Soldiers' mothers have been treated even more harshly. Some of them, poor souls, living from hand to mouth, in desperate poverty (which has been greatly accentuated by the War), have actually been punished by heavy fines, because it has been alleged that they have said that they had exaggerated the amount of money their sons gave them before the War, and have pretended in some cases that they used to get some such paltry sum as 8s. from their boys instead of 6s.

In numberless cases even the soldiers themselves, who have come home disabled, have been turned off ill and without money, and left to find out, as best they may, whether or not they will get a pension. Many men have approached one authority after another for weeks and months before obtaining their pensions. The pensions granted so far are only for "one year conditional," and the majority of these fall far below the promised scale.

And now the stay-at-home War-mongers, those who are rich and powerful enough to evade the consequences of any law they do not like, are crying out for "National Service," which is, of course, industrial and military conscription under a new and patriotic-sounding name.

Why do they want industrial and military conscription?

Only to secure the power to coerce the people into doing anything they are told, at any wage, without even the power to make a struggle to secure decent terms.

The War Office has insulted the soldiers and their relations, even whilst it was obliged to pretend to treat them fairly, in order to secure more voluntary recruits. The employers of labour have sweated and exploited the workers, even when the workers had the power to form Trade Unions to protect themselves and to go on strike or choose another job when the working conditions were too bad.

Are we going to give to the War Office and the employers, who have done these things, absolute power over our lives and liberty now? No, no, and with every fibre of our being, no.

But beware! This is no time for sleeping, for those who are endeavouring to force this horrible system upon us have drawn to their side at least half the Government. Lord Northcliffe and his fellows in what is a Press Gang in a double sense, are very persistent and very strong.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

"I know that this Government are not free agents, and that the man who destroyed the last Government continues to dictate the policy of this Government."

Other Members of Parliament:—"Who is it? Name! Name!"

Mr. Phillip Snowden:—"Lord Northcliffe, of course!"

STAR CHAMBER METHODS.

As a sequel to the police raid on the offices of the *Labour Leader*, Mr. Whiteley, manager of the National Labour Press, and Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, editor of the *Labour Leader*, were summonsed to appear at the Salford Police Court on August 24th to answer to a charge that certain imprint copies and printed publications seized by the police contained—

> statements likely to prejudice His Majesty's relations with foreign Powers and the recruiting and discipline of his Majesty's forces, the publication whereof would be an offence against Regulation 27 of the Defence of the Realm Consolidation Act Regulations.

Sir William Cobbett, appearing for the Director of Public Prosecutions, asked that the case be heard in camera. Mr. Whiteley opposed this, saying that as citizens, he and his colleague claimed the right of proving to the public "that the *Labour Leader*, and the political party of which it is the official organ, have at no time taken up the position of opposing recruiting or discipline in the Army."

Sir Wm. Cobbett: "We are anxious not to give the mischievous matter we desire to suppress and these gentlemen a gratuitous advertisement."

Mr. Whiteley: "That is a very paltry excuse for the application."

These methods have been used in Ireland since the beginning of the War. Now they have spread to England! And we are supposed to be fighting for Freedom! Britons—Look to affairs at home lest you be Prussianised—or should we say Russianised?

A FRENCH MANIFESTO.

The National Conference of the French General Confederation of Labour has adopted the following resolution:—

The Conference, disapproving of any policy of conquest, appeals to the international proletariat to see that the peace obtained at the price of so many sacrifices and so many horrors shall be the triumph of right over force, and from the guarantees accepted by the countries—recourse to compulsory arbitration, the suppression of secret diplomacy, and the end of competitive armaments — there may arise the possibility of the formation of a federation of nations, assuring to all people the right to dispose freely of themselves, and safeguarding the independence of all nationalities.

The Conference, in order to affirm with force and effectiveness the above point of view, urgently calls upon all organised proletariats to accept the proposal of the American Federation of Labour to hold an international congress at the same place and date at which the conference of diplomatists to fix the conditions of peace is held.

This resolution, though less detailed and explicit, is in harmony with the resolutions passed by the Women's International Congress at the Hague.

It is in harmony also with declarations made by working class organisations in Germany.

Manifestoes for and against annexation have been issued by various sections in Germany, and it is stated that the question of what is to happen after the War is being widely and hotly discussed in Germany.

We, in this country, should also consider deeply upon what basis we wish to see international relations built up after the War.

"We Swedish women, assembled at 343 meetings on Sunday, June 27th, to the number of 88,787, together with 2,472 who have since privately expressed their adhesion to the resolution, and representing all classes of the community and all shades of opinion, herewith unite with those women from the belligerent and the neutral nations, who at the Congress held at The Hague from April 28th to May 1st, unanimously protested against the irrationality and the horrors of war, against its reckless sacrifice of human lives, and against its destruction of priceless treasures that the assiduous toil of past generations has created as a common property of the human race. We share to the full the sympathy they expressed for all those who in various quarters are fighting and suffering for their country, and for those who are called upon in various ways to bear the heavy burdens that war entails.

"We unite with them in the demand that a stop shall be put to the bloodshed by a peace based upon the foundation of righteousness, not upon that of conquest, and one that shall inaugurate a state of things in the relationship of nations to each other that shall render a peaceful solution of all international disagreements practically feasible.

"We also express, in accord with them, the firm conviction that the increased influence that women are acquiring in the affairs of the body politic augers well for the coming of lasting peace.

"The Hague Congress addressed an appeal to the Governments of the neutral countries to take joint action in offering to mediate in the struggle now proceeding. In full sympathy therewith, we hereby, while gratefully acknowledging the policy of neutrality which has hitherto preserved this country from participation in the struggle, proffer to our Government a respectful and urgent petition that they will earnestly consider by what steps and measures this country may be enabled to take an effective part in the task of bringing about a righteous and durable peace."

BRITISH ALIENS AGAIN.

A respectably dressed woman, Elizabeth Lassman, 45, was charged at the Thames' Police Court with failing to register as a German alien enemy. It was stated that she was British born, and in 1898 married a German. In 1906, he deserted her, and in 1909 he was drowned off Cape Town. Mr. Leycester, the magistrate, said the order in such a case was a stupid one, but she must comply with it. She would be bound over.

The order is a stupid one in every case; when are we going to be freed from it?

The Foreign Office announces:—His Majesty's Government have declared cotton absolute contraband.

While circumstances might have justified such action at an earlier period, his Majesty's Government are glad to think that local conditions of American interests likely to be affected are more favourable for such a step than they were a year ago.

Moreover, his Majesty's Government contemplate the initiation of measures to relieve, as far as possible, any abnormal depression which might temporarily disturb market conditions.

Whenever the Government acts it takes care to safeguard the interests of the capitalists. When will it be more "favourable," in the "interests" of big profiteers, to nationalise our food? The "interests" of the masses demanded such action long since!

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

GENERAL FUND.—Miss M. Joachim 5.0.0, Mrs. Edgar Lansbury 2.2.0, Miss E. Palmer 10.0, Anon. 1.0, Collection, Poplar Women's Hall 1.0.

TOWARDS DEMONSTRATION EXPENSES.—Mrs. Norbury, from F.C.S.U. 1.0.0, Mrs. H. Fryer 5.0, Miss Watt, 2.0, A. Gaubert, Esq. 1.0, Collected 2.6.

DREADNOUGHT FUND.—Mrs. Ensom 1.0.0.

FOR MILK AND GENERAL DISTRESS.—Miss A. L. Bolton 10.0.0, Mrs. Douglas Hamilton, 10.0.0, Ben Webster, Esq. 5.0.0, Mrs. H. Fryer 2.2.0, Miss Hodgkin 2.2.0, Messrs. J. Gliksten & Son 2.0.0 (monthly), Mrs. Armitage 2.0.0, Miss A. Evans 2.0.0, Anon. 2.0.0, Toolmaker's Room, etc. L.S.A. 1.11.8½, Mrs. David Singer 1 6.0, Mrs. Willes, 1.1.0, Miss Blane 1.0.0, Miss Yeoman (10.0 weekly) 1.0.0, G.E., per Miss Mackenzie 1.0.0, Mrs. Oliver Schwann 1.0.0, Mrs. O'Brien 1.0.0, per Miss Balchin 16.0, Mrs. Branch 10.0, Mrs. Richmond (5.0 weekly), 10.0, Miss C. Simonds 10.0, Mrs. Pope 10.0, Miss M. Rackham 10.0, Miss M. E. Coltman 10.0, per Miss N. Patterson 5.8, Mrs. L. C. Fisher 5.0, Mrs. Morant 5.0, Mrs. Garner, 5.0, Employees of Messrs. Ross, Ltd., per Mrs. Young 5.0, Mrs. Simpson (2.6 weekly) 5.0, "A Woman Worker" 5.0, Mrs. Barton Smith 5.0, Miss Osmond (2.0 weekly) 4.0, Miss I. Jones (2.0 weekly) 4.0, Mrs. Barfield 2.6, Mrs. Heywood Bright 2.6 (weekly), Miss Harriet Rogers 2.6, Mrs. St. Clair Townsend 2.6, Anon. 2.6, per Henry Lynch, Esq. 2.6, Mrs. Liddell 2.0, Miss Osmond 2.0, Miss A. Dukes 2.0, "A Soldier" 1.0, Mrs. Bolland 1.0.

COLLECTIONS.—Per Mrs. Drake 2.8.10½, Mrs. Crabb 9.1½, Mrs. Mantle 8.3, Miss O'Brien 4.11, A Friend 1.4½.

CLOTHING, ETC.—Per Miss Udnay, Miss L. Oldrey, T. Tindle Anderson, Jnr., Esq., Mrs. Brook Allwork, Mrs. Lennam, Mrs. Kingswill, Miss Thompson, Miss Vine, Miss Lilian M. B. Wright, A Sympathiser, Miss Davidson, Anon, Mrs. Burke, A Reader of the *Times*, Anon (for the babies), Mrs. Emson.

CLOTHING STALLS.

Our stock of clothing is getting low. Will friends send us some more?

OUR FACTORY.

Always buy your toys and shoes from the E.L.F.S., because we pay a living wage. Latest price lists may be had on application to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

(Continued from front page, col. 4.)

Very soon the women petitioned for the removal of the men, saying that they could get on better without them—and they have made good their word. This factory we quote as an instance, but it does not stand alone. We have reason to know that there are others which are going through similar experiences.

There is, unfortunately, in many cases a disinclination to employ women in engineering factories. This disinclination arises partly from misapprehension and partly from ignorance, though there are other factors which enter into the problem. Let us attempt to analyse the matter. Among the foremost reasons which are put forward against the employment of women is the lack of the necessary accommodation. This is such a comparatively trivial matter that it can be passed over with a bare mention. It is an obstacle which can be surmounted. Then there is a widespread idea that the only machines which women can work are automatic or semi-automatic tools with which it is impossible to make mistakes. This idea is being daily disproved in the factory to which we have referred above, where some most delicate operations necessitating the exercise of great skill and high intelligence are being performed. We need only mention one case, but it will appeal to every mechanical engineer. In a certain screwing operation it was customary, before the employment of women, to rough the thread out with the tool and then to finish it off with taps. Some trouble having arisen owing to the wearing of the taps, the women of their own initiative did away with the second operation and are now accurately chasing the threads to gauge with the tool alone. This is work of which any mechanic might feel proud. The idea, too, that women are unable to deal with anything but the lightest work has also been shown to be quite fallacious. Exactly what weight may represent the limit has not yet been determined, but it may be safely said that women can satisfactorily handle very much heavier pieces of metal than had previously been dreamt of. Moreover, they have shown themselves capable of successfully carrying out arduous processes, such as forging, &c., which hitherto have only been performed by men, and of managing machine tools of a very different nature, and requiring a very much higher standard of intellect, than do automatic and semi-automatic tools. In fact, it can be stated with absolute truth, that with the possible exception of the heaviest tools—and their inability to work even these has yet to be established—women have shown themselves perfectly capable of performing operations which hitherto have been exclusively carried out by men. . . . . It needs but the proper organisation, to make the employment of women in engineering workshops during the stress of War demands, a complete success. . . . . "

This article provides abundant pioof that there is no excuse for paying women at a lower rate than the men whom they have replaced.—[Editor of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.]

The wages to be paid to women engaged in Manchester engineering shops which are turning out munitions have given rise to a dispute. At a recent conference a £1 a week minimum was proposed for all women over 18 years' old engaged on munitions, but the employers declined to pledge themselves to the proposal, and it is now probable that the matter will be taken to arbitration. Mr. Rowan, of the Electrical Trades' Union, stated in an interview that employers showed a strong inclination to employ women in the making of shell parts. In quite a number of shops they were at work on capstan lathes and the like. In seeking to secure a minimum of £1 a week for the women the Trade Unions, in his opinion, were making a reasonable claim.

A year's DREADNOUGHT costs 4s. 4d. by post, 2s. 2d. from Newsagents.

It is time the women at Bryant and May's in Bow, and the others in Sheffield and Wolverhampton, were also demanding a minimum of £1 a week, or the same pay that men got for the work that they are doing if it was more than £1.

THE LATEST CRAZE.

The writer of the "London Letter" in the *Manchester Guardian* tells the following story:—

"A lady who has a title and a house in Mayfair has joined the ranks of the munition workers, and the other evening she gave a dinner party to celebrate the completion of her first month of productive industry. Her guests were a duchess, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, a Red Cross nurse, and a woman of the working classes, whom her hostess introduced to the others as 'Mabel, my mate in the shop.'

"The hostess and her 'mate' wore print dresses and had red handkerchiefs swathed about their heads—their working uniform. They sat down at a table covered not with linen, but with white oilcloth, and the hostess explained, 'Mabel put me up to this. It is a war saving. You just sponge it over and it doesn't need to go to the laundry.'

"The dinner was joint, vegetables, sweet, and cheese. A maidservant carried in the dishes and then disappeared. The hostess carved, and the guests helped each other to vegetables. 'The simple life,' the hostess explained. 'Mabel and I only get 15 bob a week, and it won't run to more.' The little party had a jolly meal, and the hostess and her 'mate' talked 'shop,' to the delight of the others. The duchess, taking her departure, ventured an inquiry: 'Has Griggs enlisted?' 'Oh, dear, no,' said the hostess; 'I sent him to a theatre to get him out of the way.'

"Griggs (though this is not his usual name) is the butler."

Of course we always knew these "patriotic" war-workers regarded their jobs as a sport! But "Mabel" has got to *live* on 15s. a week!

A SWEATING CONTRACTOR.

In our issue of August 7th we drew attention to the miserable rates of wages paid to women on Army contract work by Mr. Tom Nethercoat, of Burnham-on-Crouch, which had resulted in a strike. We communicated with the War Office in regard to this firm, and we now learn that a War Office inspector has been to the factory, and that a 2s. rise has been obtained. We learn that the inspector did not speak to any of the women employees, so that his information would tend to be one-sided.

The Ministry of Munitions has engaged women at 21s. and 25s. a week to make a classification of those who volunteer for munition work. We are given to understand that the women employed in this classification are, for the most part, financially independent.

The Salford Tramways' Department reports that the introduction of women as tramcar conductors has proved successful.

As an instance of the capability of the women for their new task, Mr. Blakemore (traffic superintendent), mentioned that one night there was a serious collision with a tramcar in Manchester Road, Swinton. The driver was thrown off, and the brake apparatus in front of the car was smashed. The conductor, a woman, *kept her head*, and instantly applied the brake at the rear of the car.

The Hove Sea Laundry and Baths Company pay women 6s. a week for working from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., with only one and a-half hours off for meals, making a 60-hour week!

For making babies' shoes, Messrs. Griesbach, Ltd., boot manufacturers, Cambridge Road, pay 9d. per dozen pairs. Thread, flour, &c. to be bought out of this, leaving about 6d. a dozen, for which a poor woman in Green Street works a whole day.

HEARD IN ESSEX.

Visitor: Is there any scarcity of labour here?

Driver: No, there doesn't seem to be. But that's fresh (pointing to three women hoeing in a field beside three men).

Visitor: What do they pay the women?

Driver: Oh, not more'n eighteenpence a day.

Visitor: What do they pay the men?

Driver: Three shillin'. But they works more hours'n the women. Women only works from 9 to 4. Men works from 6 to 5. But you carn't get a little boy to work under 1s. 6d. a day. Boy's wages used to be 6d.

Visitor: Which can you get most work out of—a woman or a boy?

Driver: A woman! Boys wont work! They lie down soon's you turn your back!

Two old ladies, over 60 years, took their discharge from Whitechapel Workhouse to look for work. They were in the Workhouse, because they had been unable to get work—everyone said they were too old. Inside the workhouse they had been working hard, and then they had heard that officials were coming into the Workhouse to register their names and force them to go into the factory. They thought they had better volunteer first, but alas, when they got outside they could find no work to do!

DANGEROUS ECONOMY.

The Treasury, as a step towards public economy, has refused to sanction a Poplar paving loan of £4,726 and a Bermondsey scheme to instal machinery for the destruction of refuse.

The greatest economy at the moment would be *increased* expenditure in the majority of the poorer districts, not *refusals* to grant loans. That house in Bygrove Street, Poplar, where the sewage burst into the rooms, and most of the houses in that street, cry out to some authority to have them condemned!

New houses are urgently needed; sanitation is so primitive in East London that we are apt to forget we are in the richest city in the world.

An epidemic may easily arise from such incidents as that of Bygrove Street. What is going to be done about it?

The Haslingden Board of Guardians resolved: "That in the opinion of this Board the economy urged by the Government should first commence at headquarters in the shape of reducing the excessively high salaries paid to the law officers and other heads of departments, and, further, that the stoppage of sewerage schemes and other forms of public work may not always be in the best interests of the community."

We want more Boards of Guardians and public bodies to think and act like this!

In Germany, a war coal company has been organised. Ten of the most important coal-mining and fuel companies of Germany are involved, and the State has given a guarantee amounting to £1,428,000 for the formation of a joint stock company. Profits exceeding 5 per cent. are to be handed over to the Minister of Labour for popular purposes. What a much better solution than our Coal Limitation Bill! And what about the Munitions Bill, which allows manufacturers to make 20 per cent. ***more profit*** than before the War?

FISH AND CHIPS DEARER.

The *Daily Chronicle*, under the title of "Fish and Chips Dearer," gives the following alarming figures about the cost of fish:—

	NOW.	NORMAL.
Hake	... £5 a "kit" ...	8/- a "kit"
Chats	... 6/4 a stone ...	1/3 a stone
Plaice	...10/- & 11/- a stone..	5/- a stone
Cod	..... 4/- a stone ...	1/6 a stone

Just these kinds of fish are used for fried fish shops, and both the owners of such shops and the poor who buy from them are faced with a grave problem.

COST-PRICE RESTAURANTS.

High prices increase the need for our restaurants. At the same time the high prices make it harder and harder for us to pay our bills. Will you help?

At Brighton, women ticket collectors get a minimum wage of £1 weekly, plus their uniform—their hours are said to be shorter than those of the men they replace.

MORE WAR VICTIMS.

According to the weekly returns issued by the Registrar-General the number of deaths of children under one year of age registered in the county of London last week was 172, against 156 in the week ended August 7th. The weekly figures for the last 13 weeks, beginning May 15th, are: 218, 156, 175, 141, 135, 142, 146, 138, 120, 133, 153, 156, and 172. It will be noticed that the number was at its lowest, 120, in the week ended July 17th, and that since that week it has risen steadily.

There is no epidemic of measles now to help Mr. Long to explain away the serious nature of these appalling figures. Let him visit the poor districts, and consider the price of food, and the means that mothers have to spend on it, and the facts will force him to know—as we do—that *want* is the real epidemic!

It is estimated that a *second* of War costs £40; a similar sum if spent on nourishment would help to save a large proportion of these infants.

The Notification of Births Act must be legislation only, if not supplemented by a *practical* scheme to care for those who are born!

During the quarter ended June 30th, the number of births in England and Wales was the lowest on record; a decrease of 12,973 is recorded, while the number of deaths has increased by 12,445.

The writer of the *Manchester Guardian's* "London Letter" states that undertakers report a great increase in still-births, which they imagine are due to the anxiety of the mothers whose husbands are at the front, and the shock to those who hear that their men are killed.

This War brings with it an immeasurable load of misery to women; can anyone doubt that women should have a voice in deciding the issues that mean peace or war?

A Bow soldier came home on leave. He was very poorly and suffered great pain from bleeding piles. He stayed away a fortnight and then returned. When his wife went for her money two days after he went back to his regiment, she found that it had been stopped, and ten days later she was still waiting in vain for a remittance.

Yet the War Office has promised that the allowances payable to wives and families shall not be stopped for the misdeeds of the men.

A correspondent writes telling us of a man who has been invalided out of the Army, having been shot just under the heart. He is still in pain.

He has a wife and four children under six years. He has been given 4s. 8d. a week as pension.

The Committee which is considering all questions of assessment on appeal from the Pensions Committee in regard to separation allowances is dealing with such cases at the rate of between two and three hundred per week. The cases referred to the Committee are those in which the Pension authorities differ in their conclusions as to the extent to which the applicant was dependant upon the soldier.

But whilst those in authority are squabbling, the poor dependant is going hungry! These troubles would be solved if the Government would but agree to pay a decent flat rate to the dependants.

Mr. William L. Chenery in the ***Chicago Herald*** says: "The wisest way of caring for war widows it appears, would be to let them remain wives. But the tortuous machinery of life is too involved for a course so simple. Hence, the women who will be made widows to-day, to-morrow, and next week, and on and on, until a stop is made in the endless slaughter, must be supported in the most effective way."

CONTRAST.

War! Hide thy horrid head.
Peace! Spread thy lovely wings.
Want and Waste War's comrades are,
Love and Plenty friends of Peace.
War breeds Hate—kills budding Joy and Genius.
Peace mates Art and kisses Beauty.
Choose! Hydra-headed wasting War,
Or Peace with Plenty crowned.

CLARA COLE.

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW.

400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW.

It is now getting near our next Demonstration, so it is time that all should decide what they are going to do to help to work it up. Who will help with house to house bill distribution, canvassing, and chalking? The Sunday evening meetings in the Women's Hall will start again on Sept. 5th, when Miss Pankhurst will speak. There will also be music and singing. Please do what you can to make these meetings well attended and especially the first wants working up. Help is also needed with the stall on Fridays and Saturdays. Many thanks to those who help now, especially to those who do it regularly.

Dreadnought sales, week ending Aug. 28th—456. Miss O'Brien 156, Miss Bennett 106, Stall 63, Teddy the flower seller 48, Mrs. Crabb 37, Mrs. Farrall 28.

POPLAR.

THE WOMEN'S HALL, 20 RAILWAY ST.
Organiser: MRS. DRAKE.

Mrs. Drake spoke on Tuesday evening to a fairly good meeting.

Good meeting at Chrisp Street, Wednesday night. Thanks to Miss Phillips for speaking.

Mrs. Tollon gave us a few words on Friday afternoon in place of Mrs. Thompson, who was unable to attend.

Collections.—At demonstration—Miss C. Dent 7s. 5½d., Miss J. Watts 6s. 3½d., Mrs. Bird 4s. 2½d.; at Green's—8s. 0½d. Cubitt Town.—Mrs. Tollon 9s. 0½d. Towards Demonstration fund.—Mrs. Sheppard 2s. 6d., per Mrs. Bird 6d.

Dreadnought sales week ending August 22nd—116. Distributed 500.

BROMLEY.

Hon. Secretary: MRS. MANTLE,
53 St. Leonard Street.

A very good meeting was held at 53 St. Leonard Street, last Thursday, when Mrs. Schlette gave a very interesting address. Members please note, August monthly subscriptions are now due. The Bromley League of Rights have arranged an Outing to Harlow, by brake, on September 13th. Tickets 3s. 6d. Gifts of cakes or any other eatables will be very acceptable for this date. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. Wood, 15 Franklin Street, or at this address. Open every day from 2 till 5.30.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

55 Fife Road, Tidal Basin.
Hon. Sec.—MRS. DAISY PARSONS,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

Meetings at "Peacock" and Beckton Road have been enthusiastic and 16 papers were sold. On Thursday, Miss Feek was the speaker, but members did not turn up in good numbers. Will the regular ones please come to the shop and get a few addresses to look up the absentees, while Miss Manicom is on holiday? Don't forget, we are having another Demonstration on Seprember 12th, and there is not much time to work it up. Nearly 2,000 old papers have been distributed by four members these last two weeks. We have still a few to spare for a willing canvasser.

Keep up the *Dreadnought* sales!

SOUTH-EAST LONDON E.L.F.S.

Hon. Secretary: Miss BALCHIN,
39 Radnor Street, Peckham.

The Secretary of above branch appeals to friends in South London to come forward and help in organising meetings in the coming Autumn session. Will those willing to help in any way please write to the above address? Thanks to Mrs. Ward for getting two new subscribers, and to Mrs. Twyman for helping to advertise the Demonstration on the 15th. Many thanks also to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, whose kindness and hospitality on the 14th, enabled us to make the branch Outing an unqualified success; all who managed to get to the bungalow were unanimous in declaring that they had never had a better time. Our branch was fairly well represented at the Demonstration on the 15th, but not so well as it ought to have been. Who will help to work up the next Demonstration, and make it an even greater success than the last one?

OTHER SOCIETIES.

NORTH LONDON M.P.U.

Hon. Sec.: MR. H. G. EVERETT.
c/o Mr. Innes, 31 Balmes Road, Southgate Road.

Members and sympathisers are asked to support our meetings, which are held in Finsbury Park every Sunday at 3 p.m., and to do their best to extend the circulation of the *Dreadnought*. The need for Votes for Women now is more urgent than ever.

Several of our members refused to sign the National Register.

A poor woman near the "Salmon & Ball," earns 8d. a gross for putting handles on mats; if she makes two gross, she only gets 1s. 3d.

In the House of Commons on July 22nd, Mr. Runciman stated that personal injury was not covered by the new Government Insurance Act. We should like to know what provision, if any, will be made for those who are injured by air raids, and for the dependants of those who are killed.

CONGRATULATIONS.

PARSONS.—On August 23rd, at 94 Ravenscroft Road, Canning Town, to Mr. and Mrs. Parsons—a son.

Wanted immediately, one or two furnished rooms, part board, near Victoria Park, for three girls out during day.—Apply "Box 233."

CHAUTONVILLE.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

From "The Masses."

They said that the Russian line was a hundred miles long. I know nothing about that, but I know that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east and west, and that this had been so for many weeks. But *time*, as it is known in the outer world, had stopped for us. It was now November, and we had been without mails since late in August. . . . . Days were the same, a steady suffering. I did not know before what men could stand. We had weeks of life that formerly I would have considered fatal to adventure with through one night or day—exposure, fatigue, famine—and over all the passion for home, that slow lasting fire. I began to understand how the field-mice winter—how the northern birds live through, and what a storm, on top of a storm, means to all creatures of the north country that are forced to take what comes, when the earth tilts up into the bleak and icy gray. We forget this as men, until a war comes.

But all measuring of the world had ceased for our eyes. A man must have emotions for this, and we thought our emotions dead. I wonder if it can be understood—this being shaken down to the end, this facing of life and death without a personal relation? . . . . Crawling out of the blanket in the morning, I have met the cold—such a shock throughout, that it entered like a long pin driven in the heart. I have seen my friends go, right and left on the field—those who helped tend the fire the night before—and met their end and my own peril without a quickened pulse. . . . . But the night came, when I heard a little man mumbling over the fire to the effect that he hated it all—that the Little Father was making monkeys of us all—and a thrill shot over me, so that I knew I was alive. Yes, there was something to that.

"Sh-shh——" said I. Two others drew near, as if a bottle had been opened. And Firthus, my closest friend, gripped my arm, leaving a blue welt where his thumb had pressed. . . . . A valley was before us, and the infantry had to cross again and again, always meeting at a certain place in the hollows an enfilading fire from the forward low hills. . . . . We were mid-west of the west wing, it was said; and word came the third day that we were holding up the whole line; that the east was ready to drive through, in fact, was bending forward; that the west was marking time on our account—and here we were keeping the whole Russian invasion from spending the holidays in Budapest.

On that third day I was dispatching from brigade-headquarters to the trenches. The General and his staff stood in a shepherd's house in the midst of a circle of rocks. Waiting there I began to understand that they were having difficulty in forcing the men forward in the later charges. The lines could see their dead of former advances, black and countless upon the valley snow. This was not good for the trenches.

. . . . Now I realised that they were talking of Chautonville, the singer, the master of our folk-songs. We had heard of him along the line—how he had come running home to us out of Germany at the last moment in July—literally pelted forth, changed from an idol into an enemy, and losing a priceless engagement-series on the Continent. He had not been the least bewildered, as the story went, rather enjoying it all. . . . . They had monopolised him at the central headquarters, so that we had not heard him sing, but the gossip of it fired the whole line—a baritone voice like a thick starry dusk, having to do with magnolias and the south, and singing of the Russia that was to mean the world. . . . .

He was to sing us forward again. There was a pang in that, as I craned forward to look at the valley. It was not for our entertainment, but to make us forget our dead, to make us charge the valley again over our dead—it being planned that a remnant might make the crossing and charge the emplacements. . . . . He came—a short barrel of a man and fat. They had kept him well at the centre. He was valuable in the hospitals, it was said.

The least soldierly kind of a man I had seen in many days, save the brigadier—so white and fat was Chautonville, the top of his head small, his legs short and thick, hands fat and white and tapering, a huge neck and chin with folds of white fat under it—a sort of a perfect bird dressed for present to the Emperor. Chautonville was big-eyed with all this—large, innocent brown eyes—innocent to me, but it was the superb health of the creature, his softness, clearness of skin and eye, that gave the impression to us, so lean and stringy. For his eyes were not innocent—something in them spoiled that. We were worn to buckskin and ivory, while here was a parlour kind of health—so clean in his linen, white folds of linen, about his collar and wrists. . . . .

The General explained that a new charge was to be ordered—that three had failed—that the men (while not exactly rebellious) faltered before the valley a fourth time this day—that the failures were costly in men—in short, that the inspiration of Chautonville was required now to sing them and the reserves across. . . . .

"You want me to sing to them for courage—as it were?" Chautonville questioned.

"You want me to walk up and down the trenches?"

"Yes, singing."

"Are they under fire?" he asked.

"You see them from here—how silent they are! The enemy does not fire until we reach the valley."

So he made no bones about his fears. Nothing of the charge would be required of him. He could withdraw after his inspiration. . . . . Hate was growing within me. God, how I came to hate him—not for his cowardice—that was a novelty, and so freely acknowledged, but because he would sing the men to their death. This was the tame elephant that they use to subdue the wild ones—this the decoy—the little white bastard.

"Very well, I will walk up and down the trenches, singing——." He said it a bit cockily.

They beckoned me to his escort. I followed, hoping to see him die presently. This new hope was to watch him die—and not do it with my hands. Yes, I *trusted* that Chautonville would not come back from the trenches.

The pits stretched out in either direction—bitten into the ground by the most miserable men the light of day uncovered—bitten through the snow and then through a thick floor of frost as hard as cement. I heard their voices—men of my own country—voices as from swooning men—lost to all mercy, ready to die, not as men, but preying, cornered animals—forgotten of God, it seemed, though that was illusion; forgotten of home which was worse to their hearts, and illusion, too. For we could not hold the fact of home. It had proved too hard for us. The bond had snapped. Only death seemed sure.

Chautonville opened his mouth.

It was like sitting by a fire, and falling into a dream. . . . . He sang of our fathers and our boyhood; the good fathers who taught us all they knew. . . . . He sang of the savoury kitchen and the red fire-lit windows (bins full of corn and boxes high with wood;) of the gray winter and the children of our house, the smell of wood-smoke, and the low singing of the tea-kettle on the hearth.

And the officers followed him along the trenches, crying to us: "*Prepare to charge!*"

He sang of the ice breaking in the rivers—the groan of ice rotting in the lakes under the softness of the new life—of the frost coming up out of the fallows, leaving them wet-black and gleaming-rich. . . . . He sang of the churches—sang of Poland, sang of Finland—of the churches and the long Sabbaths, the ministry of the gentle, irresistible Christ, of the Mary who mothered Him and mothered us all.

We were roaring like school-boys now behind him—the officer-men shouting to us to stand in our places and prepare to charge.

. . . . He was singing of the Spring again—of the warm breath that comes up over the hills and plains—even to *our* little fields. On he went singing, and I followed like a dog or a child—hundreds of others following—the menacing voices just stabbing in through the song of open weather and the smell of the ground. . . . . My father had sung it to me—the song of the soil, the song *from* the soil. And the smell of the stables came home, and the ruminating cattle at evening, the warm smell of the milking and the red that shot the dusk. . . . . My mother taking the pails in the purple evening.

And this about us was the soldiery of Russia—the reek of powder, the iron frost, and the dead that moved for our eyes in the dip of the white valley. And each of us saw *our* field, our low earth-thatched barns, and each of us saw our mothers, and everyman's father sang. . . . . We cried to him, when he halted a moment—and our hearts, they were burning in his steps—burning, and not with hatred.

Now he sang of the Springtime—and, my God—of our maidens! On the road from her house, I had sung it—coming home in the night from her house—when, in that great happiness which a man knows but once, I had leaped in the softness of the night, my heart travelling up the moon-ray in the driven flame of her kiss. (She did not sleep that night, nor I, for the husk of the world had been torn away.) . . . . He sang our maidens back to us—to each man, his maiden—their breasts near, and shaken with weeping. They held out our babes, to lure us home—crying "*Come back!* to us." . . . .

And some had not seen the latest babe at *her* breast; and some of us only longed for that which we knew—the little hands and the wondering eyes at her skirts—hands that had helped us over the first rough mysteries of fatherhood.

And now I glimpsed the face of Chautonville in the mass—the open mouth. It was not the face that I had seen. For he had lied to me, as he had lied to the officers, and this was the face of an angel, and so happy. Long had he dreamed and long had he waited for this moment—and happy, he was, as a child on a great white horse. He was not singing us across the red-white valley. He was singing us home.

Then I heard the firing, and saw the officers trying to reach him, but we were there. We laughed and called to him: "Sing us the maidens again!" . . . . . "*For I have a maiden*——," a man said. . . . . "Sing us the good Christ." . . . . "*For I was called to the ministry*——," another cried. . . . . "Sing of the Spring and the mothers at the milking——," for we all had our mothers who do not die. . . . . He was singing of our homes in the north country—singing as if he would sing the Austrians home—and the Germans—and would to God that he had!

Then his voice came through to us—not in the great, dusky baritone of song, but like a command of The Father: "*Come on, men, we are going home!*"

. . . . But I could not go. A pistol stopped me. So I lay on my elbow watching them turn back—a little circle of hundreds eager to die for him. All who had heard the singing turned homeward. And the lines came in from the east and from the west and deluged them. . . . .

Propped on my elbow, I saw them go down in the deluge of the obedient—watched until the blood went out and blurred the picture. But I saw enough in that darkening—that there was fine sanity in their dying. I wished that I could die with them. It was not slaughter, but martyrdom. It called me through the darkness—and I knew that some man's song would reach *all* the armies—all men turning home together—each with his vision and unafraid.

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